# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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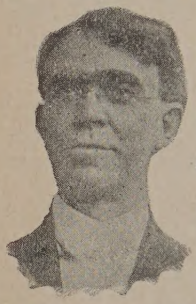

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# Interpreted

*Hazel T. Latimer*

First poem to receive honorable mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poem Contest.

Little leaf, so like the others,
Did God make you and your brothers
Just to hang so on the tree,
Make it beautiful for me?
Did he fashion flowers, too,
With their rich and varied hue?
Did he cause the sunrise fair
And the sunset's flaming flare?
Did he tell the dew to stand
Glist'ning bright on morning land?
Form the brook to bubble over
Stones, to sing unto the clover?
Did he shape the eagle's wing
And the tiny birds that sing
On the eaves above my door?
Or the thornbush on the moor?
Did he send the light to quiver
On the ripples of the river?
Cause the moon to shed her light
In the silence of the night?
Did he build the mountainside
With its ragged crags spread wide?
How my soul sings with elation
That I'm of God's choice creation!
He has made my heart to feel,
Caused my very soul to kneel
Whisp'ring prayers of thanks so meet
For the beauties round my feet.
All these things his name doth know,
Doth his power and glory show.
These explain his love supernal,
Makes me know him, God eternal,
Makes me hope myself divine,
Interpreted at nature's shrine.

AN ARCTIC SCENE

THE
# Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV FEBRUARY, 1927 No. 2

# The Land of Northern Lights

*Kate Palmer Macfarlane*

If you will, dear reader, take down your old geography and turn to the map of the Arctic regions, you will see the well remembered outlines, like a picture of your childhood, of the Arctic ocean embraced in its girdle of continents, its borders scalloped and spangled with islands and bays and archipelagos, and the whole map dotted with names as familiar to you as those of the streets and buildings of your own town. But do those names, now that you are grown up and possess a wider knowledge of the world, bring to your mind more vivid pictures of the regions to which they are attached than they did in the old grade school days, when Eskimos, icebergs and polar bears told the whole story of the Arctic? Perhaps not, and if not you are to be excused, for those remote regions are so disconnected with our lives that they seem scarcely real, and the conditions there so different from those of the temperate zones that it is difficult to understand them. But if you can find time and inclination to study Arctic physiography, you will find yourself getting acquainted with a subject that gets more fascinating as you go on, a subject that not only presents you with a wealth of astonishing fact, but gives significance to one of the most dramatic chapters of world history that has ever been written.

To deal with this subject in a single article is to give the merest glimpse of it, but if in that glimpse the reader gets added knowledge, it will be worth while, particularly if it arouses curiosity to look for further information and get acquainted with that interesting field of reading found in Arctic bibliography.

A topsy turvy world is the Great White North, where even the sun and the moon seem to forget their comfortable normal habits, and the objects of nature are as strange as the figures of a dream. Even the sea must be crossed, not in ships but afoot, for it wears a cap of the ice which growing thicker or thinner with the change of seasons, never entirely melts away. This cap is not even smooth like the frozen surface of lakes and streams, for it is the battle ground of vast warring forces that tear at it both from above and beneath,

and keep it in a constant state of turmoil. The monthly action of the tides as they swell and sink, break it up so that all over the millions of square miles of frozen crust are pressure ridges that often reach to mountainous heights.

The spring thaw which expands the whole cap, causes vast fields of ice to break loose and start on their way to the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. If these fields strike a contrary current, they are veered out of their way, and jammed into other masses. Or if they meet one of the great Arctic cyclones that spring up in any quarter and blow in any direction, they are hurled back with terrific velocity and sent crashing into other masses with a cataclysmic roar and impact of colliding islands. Should two such great fields, of perhaps fifty miles in length, be driven thus into each other, they catch between them other smaller masses such as floes, icebergs, blocks and rubble, and these, pressed together in the squeeze, are almost instantly welded by the never-ceasing action of the frost. The result is a surface of indescribable chaos, which is difficult and often impossible to cross.

The popular picture of the Arctic traveler seated comfortably upon his sledge and skimming over the ice behind a flying dog team is very far from the truth, for while the natives, who stay on beaten routes, do this sometimes, the explorer who leaves his base of supplies far behind, must use every inch of space on his sledge for provisions and equipment, while he himself "foots it" alongside, running on skiis if the ice is smooth enough, but oftener struggling over jagged ice and through deep snow, stumbling and slipping, lifting and pushing to get his outfit along, and sometimes actually hewing a path with pick and ice axe where the way is impassable.

Although the Polar sea can be crossed only by feet or wings, there is a period during the summer thaw when ships can penetrate the great ice pack, and by following certain routes, travel far within the Arctic circle. But it is a perilous undertaking, for then mountainous masses of ice in the form of floes and icebergs are traveling rapidly southward, and may in a twinkling crush a ship as if it were an egg shell. When Peary sailed the *Roosevelt* to North Greenland, warned by his long years of experience with the Arctic ice, he had emergency supplies fastened to the rail of the upper deck and every man instructed to seize a bundle and leap if the dreaded crush came and there were any ice nearby on which to leap. And though officers of long Artic experience stood at the helm, Peary himself remained beside them day and night, tense with anxiety, while they steered through the dangerous ice of Kane Sea and Robeson Channel.

When exploring parties have gone into the Arctics, it has always been the plan to travel by ship during the Summer to the highest point possible, and remain through the Winter to be ready for operations in the early Spring. Sometimes the ships after un-

loading turned back, sometimes remained to make a winter home for the party. By Fall it was frozen solidly into the ice, a fixed object in the world as immovable as if made of iron. But when the long night began to wane, strange movements were felt in the ice. Then how anxiously the men waited, listening for the ominous roar, fearing the shudder from beneath that told of the approach of of the dread "nip," when the icy floor beneath them, caught in the squeeze between vast fields of ice, might be driven through the vitals of their ship, or amid a fearful dinning, huge walls pile up to topple upon it. Thankful indeed were the company if their vessel received only a severe shaking up and escaped the fate of hundreds of others, caught and crushed like splinters in the mighty vise of nature.

But if the good ship that carried the company was in jeopardy from the treachery of the ice, for the man who left it and set off afoot over the frozen sea, a danger far more menacing awaited in the form of the fissures or leads which appear in a constantly shifting network over the face of the Polar sea. These fissures might be of any width, from a mere garden ditch to that of a mighty river. But whether wide or narrow they were the nightmare of the Polar traveler, for they might open suddenly beneath his feet and drop him into the sea beneath. That more lives were not lost in this way was due to the fact that often a part of the outfit held on the firm ice beyond, and offered a support by which the traveler could pull himself to safety.

The Arctic night! Strange phenomenon of the Polar world when the cold falls to incredible depths and darkness like prison walls closes down upon the landscape. Then nerves grow taut, and if they are not naturally strong may go to pieces, for the nervous system suffers from the absence of the actinic rays found in the sunlight. But if the Polar night proves a strain on mind and body, the dawn is more so, for then no shadows are cast, and in the midst of the all-white landscape, the traveler stands uncertain and fearful, unable to tell whether the next step will carry him up an incline or over the face of a precipice.

When the Polar day comes what a relief! Yet even this season is not without its drawbacks, as this note from Peary's *Secrets of Polar Travel* indicates:

> "During the summer months the sun shines continuously, and its brilliance is intensified a hundred fold by its reflection from endless fields of glistening snow, unbroken by a single dark object. The strongest eyes are unable to withstand the blinding glare, and we are compelled to wear heavy smoked glasses and to sleep with our eyes bound in strips of fur."

The winter cold of the Arctics is of great severity, frequently falling to such depths as sixty and seventy degrees below zero. However, this may be endured if the right kind of clothes are worn

and the traveler provides himself with fuel oil and proper shelter. During the Summer, grass and flowers grow in the valleys, and so favorable is this season to life that such an eminent authority as Stefansson predicts for certain regions of Canada and Siberia population and wealth growing out of the reindeer and ovibo industries. But the explorer with whom this article deals had to push far from the sheltered places and in all kinds of weather; and frostbite, with its too frequent aftermath of gangrene, amputation and death, has been one of the tragedies of the Arctics.

Before the day of radio and airplane, every expedition that pushed into the heart of the Polar world took with it the thought of possible starvation, for though fish and game are plentiful, because of their migratory habits, they are not always to be found in a given region, and well did the expeditionary forces know that in that frozen wilderness, separated from civilization by a thousand dangerous miles, no immediate succor might reach them should accident take away their stores of food, or unexpected delay hold them beyond the time for which they were provisioned. And though an expedition might remain in the Arctics two or three years without suffering, might in favorable years "live off the country," as Stefansson states that it is possible to do, yet the ghosts of the dead were there to remind the expeditionary force of past history, and never till they emerged from the ice pack could they forget such episodes as the fate of the Franklin and Greeley parties, the destruction of the *Karluk*, Nansen struggling in the ice of the Polar sea, Shackleton losing the prize of a Pole for want of a few pounds of food, death and suffering and frustrated hope coming when the last ration was eaten and the great whiteness refused to hear their cry for food.

In view of the dangers and discomforts of Arctic travel, one is led to ask, What are the motives that take men into those hostile regions, that have kept the civilized world struggling for four hundred years in an effort to reach the top of the earth? The answer is found in a number of motives, among them the desire to gain scientific knowledge, to discover new waterways, and acquire new territory; the appeal to beauty found in fairy landscapes and fantastic carvings of ice and snow; the Aurora Borealis and fantastic tricks of the mirage that uses both earth and sky for its playground. But more than all, the presence of the white man in the Arctics is inspired by his love of adventure and that intellectual curiosity that keeps him toiling in laboratories, traveling over the face of perilous seas, investigating, searching, forever dissatisfied until the unknown becomes known, the unconquerable is conquered, and nature surrenders her most jealously-guarded secrets to his insatiable appetite for knowledge.

But though a variety of motives might call men there, those who succeeded had all to be of stern fibre,—men who could face death and danger at every turn, stand up under severe physical strain,

renounce the comforts of civilization to accept hunger, cold, isolation, the stern regime of the Arctic diet made harder by such primitive methods of living as Arctic work calls for. The venture has ever demanded men of Spartan mold, and these, playing their parts upon the chill stage of the Arctic world, have enacted a drama so full of romance and adventure, of heroic deed and epic enterprise, that no fiction can outdo it.

To attempt to deal with that entire drama in a single article would be impossible, therefore we shall mention only a few names and events of our own day, and hope that the reader will find time and inclination to go into the whole story, from the stirring Arctic experiences of such gallant adventurers as Hudson and Baffin and Barents, to the glorious winged deeds of the Byrd and Amundsen-Ellsworth parties, which have opened a new epoch in the history of Polar exploration.

The period of modern civilization in the Arctics may be said to have begun with the middle of the last century, when Great Britain, eager to find a shorter route to Asia than that which lay around Cape Horn, fitted out an expedition under the leadership of the distinguished Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, to discover if possible whether an open water route existed across the top of North America. That expedition of two ships and nearly one hundred and forty men, crossed the Atlantic, and after being sighted near Hudson Bay, was never seen or heard from again. England, alarmed at the failure of the party to appear in the stipulated two years, sent out a relief ship which returned without finding a trace of the missing company. Thereupon was started a search which lasted ten years, was participated in by other nations than Great Britain, and called to the Arctic lands and waters of America forty expeditions.

A few meagre scraps of information gathered from an Eskimo tribe, and a brief record found in a cache, told the terrible story of the death from sickness and starvation of the entire Franklin party, after more than two years of besetment in the ice.

But that greatest of all Arctic tragedies did not end with the death of the Franklin party, for a number of expeditions that went to their rescue met with suffering and disaster and were themselves in need of relief. However, much good came in the end from their efforts, for while they were searching they were also observing, mapping and gathering scientific data, with the result that in ten years a greater work was done in exploring the regions north of America than might otherwise have been accomplished in a century.

As Great Britain is the greatest maritime nation of the world, so also has she led in Polar exploration, and to the task has ever brought those qualities of courage, faithfulness and fair play that so characterize the British people. After so many years of extensive and thorough effort in both the Arctics, it seems the irony of fate that other nations should claim the honor of discovering the Poles; yet out of her very defeat in reaching the South Pole

came a great victory, for the manly conduct and heroic death of the Scott party brought a lasting glory to the British nation by showing how her sons could die.

As for the Norwegians, it seems exactly right that they should be the first at the center of a frozen world, for they themselves are the children of ice and snow, and must understand the spirit of those inscrutable white wastes as people of temperate zones cannot do. The whole Norwegian race is typified in their distinguished countryman, Amundsen, and on his voyage through the Northwest Passage, his dash to the South Pole, and his great flight across the top of the world, there went not only the scientist and serious-minded explorer, but the Viking of the days of Eric, to whom the icy blue sea was as a sweetheart, and adventure the very breath of life.

Of a number of other nations that have done notable work in Arctic exploration we shall make particular mention of only one, —our own, which we naturally feel a special interest in and which deserves recognition because of its discovery of the North Pole.

Although the United States did not enter upon the Arctic stage until the Franklin tragedy called them there, yet Yankee seamen had for many years been cruising in Arctic waters in pursuit of the whaling and fur industries. When Lady Franklin sent her appeal to America for help in searching for her husband, an expedition was sent under the leadership of Dr. Elisha Kane, which, despite great suffering and misfortune, pushed far into the Arctics and discovered the sea which bears the leader's name. Dr. Kane was a scholar as well as a brave man and an able explorer, and his journal of his Arctic experiences is a tale of vivid interest, as fascinating to read today as it was fifty years ago. Such episodes as the fate of the *Jeanette* and her company, the desperate experiences of the Greeley party, the enforced journey of the *Polaris* crew on their ice floe prison,—these and many others tell the price which Americans have paid for their participation in Arctic work. But their contribution to the world's knowledge of Polar conditions has been considerable, their conduct under the strain of hard conditions, that of brave men, and among them stands one who, in the tenacity of purpose with which he pursued his aim, stands at the head of the great and gallant company of all ages and countries of those who have played a part on the difficult stage of the Arctics.

For twenty-three years Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, struggled with the implacable forces of the Polar world, and in that struggle was driven back time after time to return to civilization with his funds gone, his body scarred and maimed, the memory of cruel hardships in his mind and on his lips the bitter story of defeat. But for every time he was driven back, he arose and returned to the struggle, fighting with such skill and strength, such fortitude and determination, that at last every obstacle was overcome and there marched to victory one of the most indomitable spirits the world has ever known.

If you would know the price which the Arctics can exact, read the various chapters of Peary's work there,—the great trek across the Greenland ice cap, when, deserted by his natives, facing blizzard and cold of 56 degrees below zero, he struggled across a frozen Sahara six hundred miles wide, where foot of man had never trodden. Then back over the dread wastes, exhausted and starving, running a race with death in which the foe lost only by the narrowest of margins.

Or again read the chapter of failure and suffering, when, headed Poleward on his sixth trip to the Arctics, he lay for six weeks in a deserted hut, through the cold and darkness of the Arctic night, with both feet frozen; and suffered not only the blighting of his hopes but the pain and permanent disablement that came from the amputation of eight toes.

Or if you would know the dangers of travel by foot over the Polar sea, read the story of the seventh expedition, when the company, having attained the highest point then reached on earth's surface, were driven back by failing strength and lack of food, to find that the great storm which had destroyed their hopes had also smashed the ice into an indescribable chaos. Hewing their way through a wilderness of domes and blocks and ridges, skating once for two miles over ice so thin that it swayed beneath their feet and fell away behind them into the black maw of the sea,—thus desperately step by step they retreated to their ship, and from there back to civilization to tell once more the bitter story of defeat.

Of such is the web of woof of Arctic history,—a brave tale enacted by a tribe of men to whom the world has given too little of the praise which is their due. And now upon the Arctic stage appears the bird man, circling the Pole and back to his base in a few hours, winging his way above continent-wide spaces where human foot never trod. And with his advent the chapter of the past closes, and a new era has begun, heralded by the great flights of last Spring, which are not only glorious fulfilments of prophecy, but prophecies themselves of what the future holds. The next few years will see air routes established across the top of the world, all unexplored regions brought under observation, and Arctic history made at a tempo that the man of sledge and dog team days never dreamed of.

Yet the fund of scientific knowledge gathered by the past concerning Arctic conditions is tremendous, and those who amassed it represented types of manhood that the future, though it will doubtless equal, is not likely to excel. And so the story of Arctic exploration deserves to be preserved, placed among the great hero tales of our literature, read as a thrilling story of adventure, a fascinating treatise upon one of the most interesting regions of the world, and a saga of human effort that supports our faith in man and his possible destiny to hold dominion over the earth and all things that are in it.

# Norway and Sweden

*May Booth Talmage*

Our few hours voyage from Denmark to Sweden left impressions vivid and delightful. A lovely sea reflected the bluest of skies, and brilliant sunshine glinted the seething foam formed by the ploughing boat.

All too soon we sighted land again but the approach to shore held much of interest. One lone dwelling, built high upon a barren boulder on the promontory, raised a query as to what life tragedy had sent its owner to seek such isolation.

Fourteen government warships were anchored in the Swedish harbor. Were they there for proud display only, or did they foreshadow trouble? One knew not, but the sight was most impressive.

Two smiling lads—elders I mean, who nevertheless looked like lads—Forsberg and Larsen by name, were waiting for our boat to land at Gothenburg. They escorted us to the modest conference home and assisted nobly in sharing its responsibilities with good old Branch President August Hedberg, who cannot speak or understand English.

Following the public session that evening, and the subsequent Priesthood and Relief Society meetings, we were privileged to greet the members of that splendid little branch, and with the magic that is wrought by the gospel spirit they at once ceased to be strangers and were transformed into friends.

An early missionary meeting next morning, a short car ride through the streets of that interesting old city, another of the inevitable farewells that always seem to come too soon, and we were once more speeding on our journey, this time to the nation's capital, Stockholm. A nine hour's ride through a country of never ending lakes and trees and flowers and rivers with a gorgeous sunset as we approached our destination, at 9:20 o'clock brought us indeed to the "end of a perfect day" so far as beautiful scenery could make it such. We were welcomed here by President John A. Anderson and a number of his associates who were awaiting our arrival. Our days in Stockholm were filled to the brim with activity. While there we were the guests in the hospitable home of Brother and Sister Einer Johansen.

The comfortable chapel owned by the Church was a veritable garden of Eden, made so by its festoons of greenery, potted palms and flowering plants, and its profusion of exquisite cut flowers, bewildering in variety and color. This fragrant loveliness spoke welcome in louder tones than beat of drum or blast of trumpet could have done and produced a feeling of appreciation in our hearts too deep for words to adequately voice.

DINING ROOM IN KING'S PALACE AND DRAWING ROOM OF KING'S PALACE, TRONDHJEM, NORWAY

The success of previous conferences held in other lands was again repeated; the same strong testimonies borne; the same excellent music rendered, and the same spiritual uplift at its close. How can one describe in cold English, events that are chronicled only in the language of the heart?

Lack of time prevented much sight-seeing in Stockholm and lack of space precludes a description of any but the outstanding features of what we saw. An interval between two sessions of the

missionary meeting gave opportunity for some of the visiting elders and myself to see the world-famed Statshalle (City Hall). Herein we saw some beautiful decorative art wrought by the brother of the crown prince. The latter, by the way, was at that time a guest in Utah. It was quite difficult to believe that the bright rich tapestries which decorated the walls in one room were not entirely new, instead of being the products of by-gone centuries, as we were assured. Our attention was challenged by the unique lighting arrangements in another stately hall. Large mirrors formed the wall panels and into the center of these were fitted the candelabra wrought in the form of beautiful crystal sprays, which were reflected in the mirrors, producing an effect of indescribable loveliness. The most gorgeous room was the one with walls done in gilded mosaic. At intervals, scenes were wrought out in colors which depicted important events in Swedish history. Another spacious room, used, we were told, for large conventions, official balls, and the like, contained an organ said to be among the world's best. The legislative hall was wonderfully beautiful with its old-rose, deep-piled carpets brought from England, and its luxurious Italian tapestries. It is not strange that the people are proud of this great monument of cultural beauty.

We found much of interest in our visit to the King's Palace. The state dining room was different from any we had seen, in having six large built-in china cabinets at intervals down one side of the room. These faced the six large windows down the opposite side, and each was filled with one kind of rare china—Dresden china from Germany, Royal Crown Derby from England, etc. The room in which the King and his cabinet hold weekly session was worthy of its royal occupants, yet less beautiful, we thought, than the main office of the Presidency of our Church.

Outside the building we watched the changing of the King's guard, an affair of great ceremony and which about two thousand people had gathered to witness.

On Tuesday, while the mission presidents were engaged in consultation, the missionaries accompanied me to see *Gripsholm*, the luxurious vessel made famous because it conveyed the Swedish royal couple to America. It had been brought from Gothenburg into the harbor for the first time, and people were lined up for a long distance from morning until night waiting for small boats to convey them across to inspect the great liner. Our time was much too valuable to waste in waiting, so we dropped out of line and visited a splendid museum instead, and then returned to the mission home for luncheon, where our dear Relief Society sisters came each day to prepare a meal for all the missionaries who were attending the conference. We appreciated their efforts and their kindness in this hospitable service and were glad to learn that their devotion to the regular Relief Society work was constantly manifest on the same efficient lines as were so clearly demonstrated in

their manner of providing delicious meals for so many guests. On Tuesday night we left for Norway, having held another public meeting on the preceding evening. A large number of missionaries and some of the Relief Society members came to the station to bring us flowers and say good-bye. As we boarded the train and turned to bid hearty farewell the entire group said *in English,* "God be with you till we meet again." Our hearts were deeply touched by this act of thoughtfulness.

By noon next day we were in the capital city of Norway, formerly Christiania, now Oslo. On our first evening in Norway we were delighted to visit a regular session of the M. I. A. Again the language was strange but the spirited way in which things moved along, the fine singing, the capably rendered program, and

L. D. S. CHAPEL IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, SHOWING POSITION OF DECORATIONS

lively discussion left no room for doubt as to the type of work being done by that organization. President Martin Christopherson, who had been in Bergen, arrived after the meeting, and so far as was in his power gave us the keys to all of Norway—thus hearty was the welcome he extended. With him we visited the Royal gardens where as a boy he was employed as assistant gardener. It was a rare privilege to listen to his reminiscences of those far by-gone days and to see his face light up as he pointed out this spot or that of special interest. The flowers, though gorgeous as befits a king's garden, were "not quite as lovely as of yore." One could just see the memory pictures unfolded in his mind that day—a rare treat indeed!

We went also to see the ancient viking ship, and lived for half an hour in the atmosphere of the brave Norsemen of olden days.

A visit to one or two good museums and a drive to the top of a hill from which was obtained a fine view of the surrounding country—through a mist—are some of our pleasant experiences in Oslo aside from those connected with Church duties. Of the latter, the first was a really splendid party given on July 24 to honor the pioneers. The hall was decorated with the flags of Norway and America and the long tables were strewn with sweet-pea petals between clusters of cut flowers. An excellent program suited to the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed.

The conference held on Sunday, the 25th, was marked by a spirit of great earnestness. One of the three general sessions, that of the afternoon, was given over entirely to Relief Society interests. Sister Borghild Nielsen, the efficient mission secretary, is responsible in large measure for the up-to-date work done by these organizations in Norway. A Relief Society officers' meeting and a special Priesthood session were also held between times so we were delighted with the opportunities thus afforded to give more specific help.

Our last hour in Oslo, before retiring on Monday night, was spent with Mrs. Riter, Mrs. Jennings, Miss Van Cott and Miss Cannon, who had just arrived from a trip through the fjords.

We were due to leave early the following morning, so we made a special effort to see our friends, although the hour was late. We shall always be glad for that opportunity because the next word we heard of them reached us after our trip to the far north, and on arriving at Liverpool a home paper conveyed to us the news of Mrs. Riter's death.

The fourteen-hour train ride from Oslo to Trondhjem in company with the mission president and secretary was full of interest. The Norwegian scenery is entirely different from that of Sweden yet not less beautiful to me.

This day we climbed and climbed to the summit of a mountain watching the river, which was large at the bottom, diminish gradually until it was only a tiny stream; and then as we descended on the other side we watched another, tiny at its source, but continually fed by springs and numerous waterfalls, until it developed into a good-sized river at the base. The Norway spruce and pine and juniper; the neat log cottages dotting the hills; the little patches of garden, and the bright touches of color in children's clothing, made a charming picture.

Visitors to the branches of our Church in these far northern countries are far from common, so although the missionaries are few the welcome extended was genuine indeed. We were invited on this day following our arrival to share in a delicious supper at the home of the Relief Society president, Sister Radke, whose birthday was the occasion for the little party. This was followed by a public meeting with the usual good results.

Before the boat left the next day there was opportunity to visit

the historic Dom Kirke in which all the kings of Norway have been crowned, a long journey to take from the capital, but the tradition is sufficiently strong to preserve the custom. Also we went through the king's palace in Trondhjem; seldom used, it seemed to us, between these coronation times. However, the caretaker informed us that His Majesty was recently there for one night only, while enroute to Boda, to open an exposition. A long frame building is this palace with wall jutting on the street, white flower-strewn blinds, stoves and chandeliers that were made about the time of the American Revolution, ingrain carpets in many rooms, and yet there was an "air" and a quiet dignity that gave it charm.

The hotel at which we stayed was beautiful, but so crowded we were able only to have a sitting room with beds brought in for the night. In the supper room the air was dense with smoke. Nearly all the men and women smoked and chatted and drank wine, going to the adjoining ball room for a dance between times; the women were richly dressed and the whole scene might have been in the heart of London or Paris instead of in that northern Norwegian town. It all seemed so remote from our little gatherings with the Saints—we were aliens in spirit as well as is nationality to all that was before us and the thought came very forcefully that the time had come when men would be "heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and we were thankful again for the gospel.

On July 29, before departing on the little boat that was to take us on a three-days' journey into the arctic region, we held an hour's meeting in the little cabin with the Relief Society sisters who came to see us sail. This was made possible because the starting was delayed but we all appreciated that quiet hour together.

Again my space is filled so the visits to Narvik and Bergen must await attention in one more article.

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## Appreciation

President Clarissa Smith Williams, and members of the General Board, wish to express their appreciation for the kind wishes conveyed through the beautiful Christmas and New Year's greetings that have reached the office during the past holiday season from the various stakes.

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

*Motto—Charity Never Faileth*

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# EDITORIAL

## Abraham Lincoln in Modern Poetry

The vogue of Abraham Lincoln among modern poets is extraordinary. The agreement as to the nobility and magnificence of his character, and the work he accomplished, both in life and in death, should be gratifying to all who love the American Republic, and rejoice in its growth.

Edwin Markham tells us that the Norn Mother came down:

> "To make a man to meet the mortal need.
> She took the tired clay of the common road—"

and made a man: "to hold against the world, a man to match the mountains and the sea." Further on, Markham tells us:

> "And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, dedicated to Lincoln, is a poem of great dignity and deep sentiment. He tells us in this poem, which he calls "The Master" that:

> "He came when days were perilous
> And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
> And having made his note of us,
> He pondered and was reconciled.

Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well."

In Vachel Lindsay's popular poem "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," he describes Lincoln as:

"A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint, great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all."

Edgar Lee Masters has given us a poem on Abraham Lincoln through "Anne Rutledge," his sweetheart. We include the poem:

Out of me, unworthy and unknown,
The vibrations of deathless music;
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Ruthledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

Noble in life, and noble in death, whether a subject of bronze statue, or the theme of the poet, Lincoln's personality stands out in rugged magnificence and humane glory.

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## Women Hold Second Peace Conference

In 1922 we attended a conference of women, in Baltimore, at which Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Lady Astor were the outstanding personalities. In a speech full of warning, Mrs. Catt said in substance, all our achievements of the past will be of no avail unless we can find a way to stop war. It is the only thing that can hinder our playing a losing game. Women are the greatest sufferers in war, consequently they should be the most interested in its abolition.

Just two years ago the first conference of women was called to consider "The Cause and Cure of War." This conference held its second session during the early part of December, 1926. Delegates from nine women's national organizations met and discussed information assembled during the two years intervening. It is most fortunate that the women have as chairman of their peace

committee a woman as able and as enthusiastic as Mrs. Catt. Recently she issued a statement which follows: "We have now, after two years of study, a pretty clear understanding of the causes of war. We believe that all war causes may either be removed entirely, or kept under control, and are now certain that it is the business of all governments that call themselves civilized to find the way."

The organizations included are: The American Association of University Women, General Federation of Women's Clubs, National League of Women Voters, Young Women's Christian Association, National Council of Jewish Women, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Woman's Trade Union League, Council of Women for Home Missions, and Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions in North America.

One of the outstanding fields of public service for Christian women, at the present time, is that of striving to have nations settle differences rationally and amicably, instead of in the barbarous way which has been the wont of the world for centuries.

Movements for peace have as their essence the desire to make the world a better place to live in, and to bring about that time when God's will shall be done on earth even as it is done in heaven, consequently we welcome the women's move towards peace, as we also welcome the setting apart of a peace Sabbath, such as the second of January of the present year.

We should hold in mind, always, the beautiful memory of the angel choir that announced the coming of our Lord as one who would bring peace on earth to men of good will.

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## Exploration in the North

In this issue of the *Magazine* we are publishing an article from the pen of Mrs. Kate Palmer Macfarlane entitled, "The Land of Northern Lights."

Mrs Macfarlane has from childhood, been interested in the tales of adventure that have grown out of the courage and valor of explorers who have attempted to discover the North Pole. We feel sure that our readers will enjoy the article, for it is full of romance and enthusiasm. In addition to this, it is timely. No one who has kept abreast of the times can fail to note that it is a topic of very great interest at the present time.

When the world was yet young, imagination had to feed the soul that went forth in search of the adventurous and the marvelous. Now that the world is old it has produced its own tales that are more extraordinary than those growing out of flights of imagination. The story of the discovery and attempts to discover the North Pole, is one of the most thrilling and stirring tales that this old world of ours has produced.

# The Stranger at the Cross Roads

*Gladys Stewart Bennion*

Mary Dorsey drew about her a filmy white scarf, as she mingled her gray, diminutive person with the falling snow. Her high shoes sank deep in the driftless mass of white, and she hurried down the trackless garden path to the letter box just beyond the gate. It was quite a distance from the quiet farm house with the last leaves of Virginia Creeper vainly resisting the wind, to the gate, but it had been Mary Dorsey's custom for years now, at intervals to flutter down the garden path and return with a big envelope in her fingers. In her face there was always something divine as she held up and examined that official, stampless envelope. It was Lieutenant Jed's insurance, his compensation money; his life's sacrifice and his blood. He had given his all for his country, and now his money the government was sending home to them.

Mary Dorsey reflected upon the bitter years of that earlier war; that war which had marked a great epoch in our civilization. She remembered, as a little girl, those new sheets which brought home tidings of the war, and recalled to mind the song that ran something like this:

"Uncle Abe again is in the presidential chair,
The lovers of our country, by their votes have placed him there."

And one wish had remained paramount, that she might one day see the Great Lincoln and hear him speak. She had never forgotten the days of his assassination and, as a child, had prayed that she might never grow up to see another such war.

Then, when Jed, her only boy, had joined the colors, she did not weaken, but begged that he might serve his country well, and return in safety back to her; too, she wished for him that he might see his President; that one who had called Jed to the front.

Mary Dorsey closed the door quietly while a shade of color scintillated across her cheek. With a delicacy that was Mary Dorsey's own, she put the envelope into her big apron pocket, while her husband smiled up at her.

"Lieutenant Jed's, eh? It comes quite often now, Mary; maybe these scurrying years win out over us old people. There must be quite a sum laid by for him now?"

Then he turned and, seating himself in his round back chair, with its worn silk cushions, began lacing his boots, but not before noting an entire alteration in Mary's expression.

She stood silently watching her husband. The soles of his

shoes were worn through, and there was snow outside. Too, she caught a glimpse of the light gray darns in the darker gray of his coat, and the deepening furrows about his eyes.

She moved toward him and picked up his coat while he shuffled to bring his arms into the worn sleeves. "I must be growing smaller, Mary, as the days go by," he said, "or else you hold my coat higher than you used to. We shan't have much of a winter this year. The corn is lightly clad, and we needn't burn so much coal. This coat isn't so bad, it'll last me out this year, Mary. Then if I sell the calves today we'll get along, we'll get along somehow!"

He kissed the aged sweetness of her face and went out to harness the team.

Mary took the envelope again from her pocket, and fumbled with the seal edge.

As Jedediah's old farm wagon slid into the snowy ruts of the road, Mary opened the door and looked after him. He was sitting on the seat while others passed him by in automobiles! Jedediah turned as if impressed: "I'll be quite late tonight, Mother, but don't worry, the road is clear, and the storm is only in its infancy!" Then he chirruped to his horses and was gone.

Mary Dorsey fluffed up the worn silk cushion on Jedediah's chair; she gathered in the broken bits of shoestring that lay on the floor, and put a lump of coal in the hot blast stove. Then she slipped into the little back bedroom and raised the blind. The drawer of the old-fashioned dresser opened noiselessly. Mary sat down on the floor. She took out of that drawer a pair of perfectly good shoes, some felt slippers, fur-lined, a sweater with a white letter in front, and a pair of heavy gloves. Underneath those were some books on mathematics and some old chemistry notes. In the other corner of the drawer was an overcoat. The newest cut in college clothes, all wool, warm and comfortable, but it wasn't Jedediah's style, nor, if it had been, Jedediah could never have worn it. Mary folded it away and her tears fell hot among the moth balls. From her pocket she withdrew the big envelope, and, with steady fingers, broke the seal. After looking at the draft it contained, she slipped the empty envelope back inside that pair of perfectly good shoes, along with a score of other papers just like it.

Beside that lonely, unoccupied bed, Mary Dorsey breathed a prayer to heaven for her boy.

Could she only know whether or not he lived. If he were somewhere held a prisoner. If, perhaps, he were a mental wreck, a shell-shocked victim of the war; or if his precious body lay interred in safety within old mother earth?

Could the closing year but bring to her and Jedediah the satisfaction that he was safe, all would be quiet in her soul!

She had determined what to do; nothing should turn her from that purpose, and tomorrow was Chrismas Eve.

That night Mary Dorsey's lean fingers gathered in the few stray parcels that had fallen from her open handbag and lay promiscuously upon the settle of the southbound interurban.

Now and again she wiped the steam from the frost flecked windows with the end of her white silk scarf. She shielded her eyes from the light inside to cast furtive glances at the fleeting patchwork of white that covered the grain fields. She wondered if that racing electric that was eating up the sheeted stubble would ever stop for her at the cross roads. Under her worn beaver cape there was a flutter of something that seemed alive. Long years ago she had felt a like fluttering, a strange sensation! What a throb of joy it had brought to her, what ecstatic delight, for it had meant her boy; her Jed. Where was he now? The great officials at Washington didn't know!

With discriminative fingers Mary felt the left side of her body with the tips of her bare fingers in order that she might keep that lithe thing in place until the cars should shriek out their warning and slow up at the cross roads.

Her big, brown bundle was heavy, and there were several tiny parcels besides. They might so easily slip out of her netted bag and fall into the snow. Many times Mary Dorsey had come back from town on this electric, but always before Jedediah had been there to welcome her. Tonight she must walk that mile and a half quite alone, but she had left the lights burning in the dining room, and Jedediah would not be home.

Into the calm purple quiet of a winter evening, Mary Dorsey stepped, and the interurban rattled on its way. Her bundles were all carefully guarded and the beaver cape was an excellent place of concealment. Even the huge bundle that she carried in her arms like a child could not be detected. It was a fur-lined overcoat. Jedediah would not yet be home she knew. The semi-fear that had quickened her heart had vanished, but she felt an utter loneliness. She seemed to sense the road ahead an endless stretch of journey in the white twilight, overcast with mauve and gray.

There were no passing automobiles in her direction so nobody was likely to pick her up. How wonderful, she thought, to own a car! There were many old couples in the suburbs, older than she and Jedediah, who drove their own cars, while her husband jogged along behind his horses. Besides there was no real reason for it. There was plenty of money down in that drawer, inside that pair of Lieutenant Jed's shoes.

For an instant Mary flushed hotly. Why did she continually think about that money? Was she becoming worldly? It would make Jedediah ashamed of her if he knew, and besides she had opened one of those envelopes this very day. A stubborn unrest

hindered her journey. She struggled with the bundles on through the snow. Why should it be wrong to use that money? It was hers and his. It was sent them to be used. If Lieutenant Jed were back, he would see to it that they wanted nothing. His sturdy young power would make them happy, relieve them of worry and care, and give to them, who had so willingly sacrificed for his education, a few of the comforts of life.

Mary Dorsey caught herself talking aloud. She breathed heavier as she spoke and found herself quite exhausted, for the snow was deep and soft, and the night still warm with only a trace of frost in the air.

Darker and darker drew the shades of night around her, and whiter and still more white lay the virgin snow. Mary Dorsey spoke out her longings and her trepidation, while her thoughts ran rampant, and she recalled again those two great wars.

A flash of light fairly blinded her; an auto had come over the hill and two moon sized orbs shone squarely in her face. In a second it had gone, leaving Mary Dorsey standing quite still. She had dropped a precious bundle which her eyes were unable to see. With a little start she felt the package placed again in the crevice of her arm underneath the beaver cape, and she heard a voice at her side. The voice was very soft and low; it was musical and full of sympathy; familiar it seemed to Mary Dorsey, and in the dimness that enfolded her she looked up. A stranger stood beside her, a man, and together they moved on toward the farm. They had walked a long way in silence, when Mary Dorsey again found herself thinking audibly. Slowly and with precision the stranger answered all her longings. He cleared forever her misgivings. He lifted wholly her disquietude, and set her mind at rest.

Time and again she looked up at him, but he was so very tall, and it was growing darker.

Her son, he told her was well and happy. "Only yesterday we talked awhile together," he said, "and his hopes were all for you. With his last breath on earth he spoke of you and his father. He wants you always to be happy, and not to grieve for him."

"Does he live, then?" murmured Mary.

"He lives forever and forever, in your hearts and in the thought of all his countrymen."

"There is none greater than he who gives up his life for his country."

"Then he did that?"

"Most gloriously. Far from here in that world-famed tomb, lies none other than Lieutenant Dorsey, your boy. It is his body alone that rests there. He is the unknown of the unknowns.

Lieutenant Dorsey is that unkown soldier who sleeps supreme in Arlington, and God will give you comfort."

Before she was aware of the distance, Mary Dorsey was beside the letter box just outside the garden gate. The gate was open, and the unbroken snow lay smooth before her. Jedediah had not yet come back.

She turned to thank the kindly stranger, but was startled to see that he was half way up the hill, almost indiscernible in the winter gloom, but Mary perceived in the quiet darkness a tall, gaunt figure. He seemed weary. He wore a high silk hat; his clothes fitted him illy. He walked with a decided swing of the shoulder and he carried a cane. The lights from another auto blotted out the scene, and when Mary looked again the stranger had gone; over the hill perhaps, and into the valley. Nervously she stooped to examine the footprints in the snow from the road up to the letter box, but the glare of the auto lights had been too bright, she could see nothing. Dazzled, bewildered, Mary stood for a moment in the snow; then it all came to her. That stranger was her President, she knew. All these years she had hoped to see him. Tonight her dream had come true.

Upon the worn silk cushions in Jedediah's round back chair, Mary had laid her Christmas offerings of love, among them a huge bundle, and underneath her plate Jedediah had placed a gold clasped bible with her name in full, for Jedediah had sold the calves.

About her waist the old man placed an arm, still strong with love and hope. He drew her to the door, and opened it while they looked out. In his mind were the rows of crosses on the French battle front. In hers a great tomb in Washington.

"See, Mary, how bright the lights are in the city tonight. They have never been so radiant before. The mist has lifted, and risen above the world."

"Those are not the lights from the city, Jedediah," breathed Mary, "those are the stars of the East."

# The First Spur

*Fay Ollorton*

It was at a watering station in a little Wyoming town that the two men fell to talking. They had been on the same car from Chicago on, but they first became interested in each other at the wind-swept village. The travel-worn passengers at the announcement from the porter that the train would make a fifteen minute stop, filed noisily out of the warm cars into the penetrating chill of the February afternoon. Curtis, the older of the two, was short, stockily built, with shy, friendly eyes, yet with the assurance in them of a man who has grappled victoriously with many perplexing situations. There was about him an air of subdued excitement, as if he were on the verge of some long expected pleasure. Lester, the other man, was scarcely more than a college youth. He was tall and sure of himself, but with the surety that has seldom been tested.

They agreed to walk up the main street of the town, which was only a block from the station. The wind from the low hills whistled about their ears and made conversation for a few moments impossible. When they reached the main street, with its one and two story brick and wooden shops, of a nondescript gray under the cloudy sky, school must have been just out, for the boys and girls were walking and running down the street, their shrill voices rising above the wind and the puffing of the not distant locomotive. Two lads, about fourteen, with stooped ungainly postures and tight-fitting coats and worn caps walked close together, their blue overalls flapping in the gale. Occasionally they lifted their heads a little, shouting taunts to a group of tittering girls a pace ahead of them. As the boys reached the square-fronted postoffice where a number of men were huddling with upturned collars, a young woman with a smiling face, whipped to an apple-red by the wind, came out, her hands full of letters and papers. Instantly the two boys stopped. With awkward movements they removed their caps They grinned from ear to ear as they called the girl's name, using Miss before it, and then passed on, a shadow of their smiles remaining in spite of the grim cold.

Curtis watched the two boys until they turned into a side street.

"I'll wager," he said to his companion, "that that young woman is their teacher."

There was so much sympathy in his voice at the word "teacher" that Lester looked at him questioningly. Later when they were again seated in that blue plush comfort of the observation car, he asked, "What made you think the girl with her hands full of mail is their teacher?"

The darkness of the coming twilight, not yet broken by the turning on of the electricity, was enfolding them into a friendly privacy. Curtis leaned forward, his slender fingers tracing the pattern in the plush, as if he were groping for words.

"I had just such a looking girl for a teacher once," he explained not looking at the young man. "She had the same inviting brown eyes, the same warm color, and she was the only one I would ever have raised my hat to in those days."

A white-coated porter interrupted them to announce the first call for dinner. Most of the passengers, except the two men, followed him. Curtis settled back in his chair, stretching his short legs over the low foot rest, while Lester leaned towards him, waiting.

"I didn't even know there were such things as plush chairs then," Curtis resumed, gazing at the blurred scenery, now a flashing of telephone poles, sagebrush, and cedars. "I had the dirtiest clothes, the most unkempt hair, and could make more noise over my lessons with fewer attempts at study than any other youngster in the whole eight grades of Utah."

"Boys of that age," he continued, still gazing at the Wyoming scenery, "are usually in a dangerous place. They are beginning to get the outlook and desires of a man with nothing to back them up. They haven't yet realized how important it is to believe in their own abilities to get them where they have but vague dreams of going. Instead of faith in themselves, they have great trust in another person. If they haven't that, there's not much help for them. I hadn't any particular respect for anyone, not excluding my parents, until I found a certain school teacher."

Lester's face again repeated its doubts. It seemed hard for him to believe that this well-groomed, clear-skinned man, whose bearing and movements spoke confidence and decision, would speak so. It was easier to think of him as coming from a family in conventionally prosperous circumstances, with all traditions and manners that go with such conditions.

Curtis chuckled.

"I appreciate that perplexed look. If you had been some twenty odd years older, and we had lived in the same town, you would probably not have bothered to even pick a fight with me unless I got in your way."

"Why?" the young man asked. Here was a man he would undoubtedly be proud to introduce to his parents—and his wife when he got one.

"There were seven in our family," Curtis explained, more to himself than to the boy. "I was the fifth. We lived in three rooms in a battered old house just beyond the railroad tracks. Before the town began going northwards, our place had been a residence of one of the first citizens. Now it was subdivided for four families. Our part was in the rear, and the clothes, if ever they

were washed clean, were always spotted from the smoke of the round-house and the passing trains. Father worked in the shops and came home drunk at least once a week. His disposition was about as bad, sober or drunk. My clothes were always so dirty and greasy that the girls used to pull in their skirts when I passed them. I must have looked like a cross between a bag of rags and a yellow dog, for my hair was seldom combed, and my coat, when I was lucky enough to have one, was either out at the elbows, or torn at the armholes."

Lester felt a tightening in his throat. His face showed his wonderment of what to say.

"Oh, there's no need for feeling pity for me," Curtis assured him, "I didn't feel the least bit sorry for myself. I had definitely, without being aware of it, decided on my status in life. I had a mother whose thin hair hung is wisps about her lean face, and whose voice held a perpetual scold. I had new shoes when it was winter and my old ones fell apart. I was always late to school; was among the slowest in my class, for I never studied the dirty books I sometimes carried back and forth because the other boys did. I intended to get out of school as soon as the probation officer would let me alone: then I was to get a job. Already I had worked a little around the shops: couldn't get work further up town in the drug stores and shops, because the boys had to wear clean shirts and keep their hair trimmed. I suppose I looked forward to being another Curtis, senior, drunk every week, grumpy and full of profanity. I can't remember now of thinking what my wife would be like."

Lester leaned forward eagerly to ask what happened, and neither man noticed that the porter came through with the second call, and that all of the passengers had left the car.

Nothing, for a long time. Curtis was again tracing the pattern in the blue chair, while the telephone poles flashed by in quick succession, and the sagebrush showed only as a blackening mass. "The eighth was to be my last year in school—I figured I could beat the officers out of two years. I entered late as usual. The language class had started work. When I came in everything was quiet, with the September sun pouring in through the newly cleaned windows and giving that brightness that is supposed to go with the first few days of school. The teacher wasn't visible until I had stumbled into a back seat. Then I wouldn't have known her if she hadn't worn her skirts longer than the rest of the girls. She was the smallest girl in the room, with the exception of one poor creature whose mother worked out by the day and fed her family with the things she carried away without permission.

"Our teacher's name was Miss Reed, and I can remember to this day exactly what she looked like and what she wore."

But when he tried to describe her he could only tell that her eyes were large and brown, much too large for her thin face, and

that they were almost the color of her hair which hung in curls over her shoulders instead of being elevated over a rat or wire, such as the girls wore then. She had a smile, Curtis said, like a person who is enjoying something immensely and is about to share the enjoyment with some favored person. Her skirt was long and gored, and her sleeves puffed out at the shoulders.

"I believe her dress was green. I can't recall the color for a certainty, but I've always associated green clothes with brown-eyed women, and I think it was because she was fond of that color."

He was silent then for so long that Lester asked him what there was so remarkable about the little school teacher.

"I don't know if I can put it into words. She was so small that one of the boys could have lifted her easily; yet she managed us with scarcely ever raising her voice, and there wasn't one of us who wouldn't have run at one beckoning from her little finger. She 'had' me so thoroughly that I was making an attempt to study after the second day.

"I wrote some smudgy compositions. Instead of laughing at them, or reading them to the class, she would call me in after school, or during a study period. 'Couldn't you write them with a little less pressure?' she would ask, pointing to my dirty finger prints along the magin. When she called on me in class she listened patiently to my halting answers. If there were a grain of truth in my reply, she let the rest go and held fast to the other. Because she accepted me with the same interested sympathy that she did all of the class, I began to feel at home. Once I joined in a school discussion about conjugating verbs without being aware that I was doing anything unusual. It didn't occur to me until I was on my way home that the mayor's daughter, who had snapping black eyes and even white teeth had asked me a question. Up until now most of my social contact with girls had been to avoid them when we passed on the school grounds, or to throw snowballs at Minnie Schwartz who lived in the same house, and was cross-eyed and mouse-faced.

"Life went on in much the same way, except that I tried to work in the study-hall instead of looking out the window or sticking pins into the boy who sat in front of me. I don't know if the school kids still do it now, but we used to run the heads of pins between the soles and uppers of our shoes, then when we elevated our feet to the desk ahead the pins would pass through.

"I'd tired of working one day and was doing this to Sam Hardy, who had lately tried it on me, when Miss Reed walked in. All the giggling and shuffling stopped, and we started working. She came to the head of the desks and asked us to meet in her room after our last class; she wanted to plan the program which our class was to give for the eighth grades of the city.

"I was not appointed on any committee, neither was I suggested for a part in the play that was to be a part of the program.

I did think I might get a place on the committee for seeing that all the stage properties were in place and afterwards removed, but I didn't. About a week later, I saw that every other member of the class had some kind of a part. They were either in the chorus, or woodmen in the outdoor scene. For the first time in my nine years at school I felt sorry that I wasn't on a program. Miss Reed had been telling me that I could do just as well as anyone if I tried; now she would know that I wasn't capable of trying. I thought about it for several days, then an idea, so new that if Solomon had experienced it he would never have written concerning there being nothing new under the sun, came to me. I hung around Miss Reed's desk until everyone had gone.

"She asked me to help her arrange her papers. As I piled them in alphabetical order, we chatted about the coming vacation and program. That gave me my opening.

" 'I'm the only one in the class who hasn't a part,' I told her, my voice shaking and my knees knocking each other.

" 'It must have been an oversight,' she replied, utterly ignoring my palsied condition.

" 'No it's not,' I corrected her. 'I've never been on a program before, and no one thought of putting me on.'

" 'Would you like to be?' she asked as casually as if she were requesting me to put the papers into different piles.

"I told her I would, then she asked me what I would like to do. I couldn't sing; I couldn't have any of the speaking parts, for they had all been taken days ago, and I didn't want to be a woodman. I knew what my parents would say when I asked them for the greencloth and hat they were to wear.

" 'There's going to be an opening prayer, isn't there,' I suggested, each second expecting my voice to crack on the words. In our school programs we always opened with prayer, and sometimes a student did it instead of a teacher. If no one had been chosen, there was my chance.

"She agreed that I could, promising to make the arrangements. Because I had a part, I wanted to be early that morning of the twenty-third. I knew I had to be more respectable in appearance, and at the last moment the pants I had to wear developed a long slit in the seam. As I remember, mother must have made some reproaches to father for his not providing me with better garments. He resented this and declared that I was old enough to get my own.

" 'I never thought,' he said disgustedly, 'that a son of mine would be turning chaplain.' Mother went on sewing, and when she refused to answer he grew profane. She turned on him, then, and they were still at it a few minutes later when I had combed my tangled hair and washed behind my ears, preparatory to leaving. I made an attempt to shine my shoes with some water and soot from the stove, but it was not a very successful one, and I

left hurriedly, glad to be away from the scolding voices.

"When I opened the classroom door, some of the boys snickered, and I could hear tittering remarks from the girls as I slid red-faced into my seat. My altered appearance, due to clean clothes, slickened hair, and a scrubbed face, had not tended to make me feel at ease. Miss Reed didn't scold the forward ones, but agreed with a, 'Yes, doesn't he look fine,' and then gave us a written spelling test.

"It was almost time for the curtain, with the Venetian street scene, to go up, before I thought of being frightened. The girls' chorus was to sing; I was to follow, and then the curtain was to be raised for the program proper. My teeth began to chatter, and I made a desperate attempt to smooth down a shock of hair, that stood straight out from the back of my head. The girls' song, 'Holy Night,' I believe it was, ended, and someone—Miss Reed no doubt—pushed me gently forward in front of the curtain. Out in the wings two girls giggled. One's giggle I recognized as the mayor's daughter. I clicked my teeth together so firmly that they must have been heard for several rows down the assembly room, and prayed. I must have prayed for a whole two minutes, about what I have no recollection of. I'd been to church occasionally, enough to get the run of a few prayers, and I used all my knowledge. When I had finished, there wasn't a sound in the hall, except the noise of the ascending curtain.

"In the wing, two girls were waiting, arm in arm, for their cues. One of them had the black eyes I referred to a moment ago. As I passed, she smiled and whispered, 'That was a good prayer.' She was, I am sure, sincere.

"The next day the town semi-weekly came out with our program printed on the front page. Right in the second paragraph was 'Prayer by Donald Curtis.' I spent my only nickel on the paper, and when no one was looking I folded it into my pocket. Mother had tears in her eyes when she saw it. I didn't cry, but my ear drums felt as if they would burst, the pressure in my head was so great. I, Donald Curtis, had appeared in a school program, and my name had been printed in the paper. I was no longer Don Curtis who shambled about town with his head thrust downward, and hands in his pockets, but I was Donald Curtis whose name was important enough to be printed on the front page of the newspaper.

"I was so excited, I wanted father to see the story. I don't know whether he was suffering from want of drink or too much, but he was not pleased. He tore the thing in two and told me never to let him see my name as a snivelling "prayer" again. Then he called for supper, and said something about the house not being cleaned for weeks. It wasn't ready, mother had spent too long over the paper. I was trembling with anger and mortification as I stooped to pick the torn parts of the front sheet. When

father saw what I was doing, he cuffed me a smart one, telling me to get out, that I was a disgrace to any hard working man.

"'I won't come back,' I mumbled as I shuffled out, and the queer part of it was that I kept my word. It was almost sundown when I went into the yard, and a cold wind was sweeping down from the north mountains. So far, there was little snow on the ground, for winter had been late coming. I stood about dejectedly, and then began walking. My ears were still hot from the cuff, and I paid no particular attention where I went except to avoid seeing people.

"I got out in the west part of town, where there were few homes, and close to the fields. I had come almost to the edge. I saw Miss Reed climbing over a fence that stood at the end of the unpaved walk. I wanted of all persons to see her least at this time, and I would have turned to the other side of the street, but she recognized me and called a greeting. I could do nothing, then, but join her.

"She told me that she had been to the fields for a walk to celebrate the closing of school for two weeks, and called my attention to the gorgeous crimson of the whole western sky. It didn't take her long to see there was something wrong, and I finally blurted out the whole story. It was no new one to her, for she had taken the trouble to inquire about my home conditions months ago. It was the first time I had ever had a woman listen with complete sympathy to my troubles and I made the most of it, ending with 'I don't want ever to go back. I never will be nothing different, if I hang around there much longer.'

"Then she said a surprising thing. 'Why should you?' she asked. 'You are meant for better things than you will ever get from your home, but they will never be yours unless you find a way for yourself of taking them. Sometimes,' she said in her quiet voice, 'it is easier to run away to new conditions than to fight the old ones. Familiar persons and habits have a way of holding us down. It isn't always weakness to leave them.' She was not looking at me then; her head was turned towards the fading crimson in the sky. After a while she turned. 'Come on, Donald,' I'll race you to the corner. My feet are cold.'

"She left me on the corner. I was tingling with a new excitment. It was the first time I had ever thought of escaping the things which had lately grown so hateful. In a half hour or so I was down to the railroad yards, and when the nine o'clock freight left, I was huddled in a box car. I hadn't lived about the yards for fifteen years without observing a thing or two. I didn't go home for any extra clothing, and I hadn't a cent of money in my pockets, or any supper for that matter. I only knew that I was leaving home for good, and that I had Miss Reed's faith back of me. It seems a pretty courageous thing that I did; yet I suppose the adventure of it was as strong as the new determination. I

wondered what my teacher would think when she heard of my disappearance. It would be in the paper—all runaway boys were. Would she be surprised that I had taken her words so literally. It would be twice that Donald Curtis would be printed; this time only on the inside sheets under *City Happenings*. I thought of what would become of me; if ever the gnawing in my stomach would stop; and if I would freeze to death in the box car before we came to the warmer climate of California. I knew I had been strong enough to run away, and if I could do that, why worry about the outcome! Anything would be better than the life I had been living. A boy who could take part on a school program could take care of himself! I'd never grow up to be a drunkard! Some day I would write Miss Reed to tell her what she had done for me, some day when I had made a name for myself, one that would not be snickered at when it was heard. 'Who knows,' I thought, as I drew my thin coat tighter together and tried to rub my hands to keep the numbness out of them, 'what I may become.' Of my parents I thought very little.

"There is a lot to tell between then and now, but I'm not going to bore you any longer. There isn't much that a man can go through, and still exist with hope left, that I haven't felt. I knew what hunger meant, many times other than that night, and I knew what it was to lose faith, too. I suppose my story," Curtis admitted with an apologetic laugh, "would sound like one from the popular success magazines."

There was a long silence, with Lester waiting for him to go on. There were a thousand and one questions he must have wanted to ask the older man.

"Have you never been back?"

"Never."

"But your mother—"

"She died about ten years ago, and I didn't know of it until a month after it had happened. I regretted that, of course, but I'd been sending her money ever since I got my first dollar ahead. The news of my father's death a year or so before wasn't enough to make me leave the East, where I'd just begun to work."

"But why are you returning now?"

Curtis asked him what date tomorrow would be, and smiled appreciatively when he was told that it would be the twenty-third of February.

"I promised myself I'd go back some day," he defended himself with a boyish wistfulness, "and now seemed as good a time as any. I haven't done all the things I've hoped to—never will—but I'm not ashamed to tell Miss Reed what I have done."

"But what if she isn't there? Has died or moved away?"

Curtis smiled slowly.

"I can go home and tell my wife there isn't another woman in the case." Then he grew serious. "But I believe I'll find her. She married some boy from the same town. When a man has

waited twenty-five years to be able to tell a woman she's been the means of getting him out of a dilapidated house by the railroad tracks to a palace built to house a railroad, she's likely to be in some findable place. It isn't that I want to brag to her about my worldly success," he earnestly explained to the boy. "I could come back in a private car if I wanted to herald my return that way. I'm going back to tell her that because of my belief in her I've kept faith with myself. It isn't often that a teacher hears that, and I'm crossing a continent to tell her. She'll be there all right. I'm not worrying."

## The Arctic Moon

(From "The Yukon")

*Joaquin Miller*

The moon resumed all heaven now,
She Shepherded the stars below
Along her wide, white steeps of snow,
Nor stooped nor rested, where or how.

She bared her full white breast, she dared
The sun to show his face again.
She seemed to know no change, she kept
Carousal constantly, nor slept,
Nor turned aside a breath, nor spared
The fearful meaning, the mad pain,
The weary eyes, the poor dazed brain,
That came at last to feel, to see
The dread, dead touch of lunacy.

How loud the silence! Oh, how loud!
How more than beautiful the shroud
Of dead Light in the moon-mad north
When great torch-tipping stars stand forth
Above the black, slow-moving pall
As at some fearful funeral!

The moon blares as mad trumpets blare
To marshaled warriors long and loud;
The cobalt blue knows not a cloud,
But, oh, beware that moon, beware
Her ghostly, graveyard, moon-mad stare!

Beware white silence more than white!
Beware the five-horned starry rune;
Beware the groaning gorge below;
Beware the wide, white world of snow,
Where trees hang white as hooded nun—
No thing not white, not one, not one!
But most beware that mad white moon.

# The Exiles

The prediction has been persistent for many years that much choice literature would be inspired by the life of Abraham Lincoln. This prediction has found its fulfilment in very large measure. Just as persistent has been the statement among Latter-day Saints that because of the richness of material found in the story of the exodus from the city of Nauvoo to the valley of the great Salt Lake, much choice literature would be the inevitable result. In line with this latter prediction is *The Exiles*, a poem written by Professor Alfred Osmond, head of the English Department of the Brigham Young University.

The story is told in a graphic and fascinating style, that is gripping and convincing. There is a tone of exaltation about it that lifts it into the realm of ideality and beauty. It is written in the trochaic tetrameter, a long smooth meter, suitable to narrative poetry. It was this meter that Longfellow selected when he wrote "Hiawatha," consequently it will be familiar to readers in general. And like "Hiawatha" "is told with every grace of poetry, but not sacrificing fidelity to truth." A few selections from the poem will be the most effective way of revealing its charm.

Never a twenty-fourth of July pageant, perhaps, that does not contain one float with dancing pairs, illustrating the amusement on the plains. Professor Osmond has done this in one stanza; we include the stanza:

> But the Saints were not so narrow
> As to limit their enjoyments
> To the sacred songs of praises
> That exalted their religion.
> Wits were sharpened with the clashing
> Of bright minds in fun and frolic,
> And the wag was quick and wary
> With his lists of droll diversions.
> This would seem no time for dancing
> For a Puritanic people,
> But they danced the Old Virginia
> With a vigor and a daring
> That put all their cares to riot.
> Then the "Round Dance" and "Six Nations"
> Would be ushered in with laughter
> That suggested men and women
> Are but children moving forward
> To the higher hills and play-grounds
> That will keep them young and happy.

From the chapter "Darker Days" we select a stanza that records some of the terrible experiences suffered by the people on their journey:

Victims of the Mountain Fever,
Strange companions of the red men,
Denizens of dreary deserts,
Dwellers in the trackless prairies,
Toilers up the Rocky Mountains
With your trains of covered wagons,
With your crazy, creaking handcarts,
You may never reach the valleys
Of the everlasting mountains;
You may never find the Zion
That is always farther westward;
You may see the land of promise
Fade and vanish into shadows;
You may fall, the helpless victims
Of malignant Mountain Fever;
You may falter and may famish
On the prairies, in the deserts.
Bands of red men may destroy you
On the bleak and barren ridges
Of the Rocky Mountain ranges;
You may cease your earth-existence
And become an extinct people—
But you cannot turn your faces
Toward the valleys of the Eastlands.
All your hopes are in the prairies
And the deserts and the mountains.
If you find these hosts unfriendly,
God himself will have to take you,
For there are no dwelling places
For yourselves and for your children,
If you fail to find your Zion
In the valleys of the mountains.

The concluding stanzas are among the best in the poem, as they combine a grace of style with vision and exaltation of thought, that is both pleasing and uplifting.

Happy, happy, happy people
In the valleys of the mountains,
In the days that are to follow,
In the ages that will usher
In the greater dispensations,
Men will come to you for wisdom
And will gladly sing your praises.

# Notes from the Field

*Amy Brown Lyman*

*Los Angeles Stake*

On March 17, 1926, Adams ward Relief Society of Los Angeles stake, presented a unique entertainment which may prove

ADAMS WARD PAGEANT. PICTURE REPRESENTS THE SIX PRESIDENTS OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

of interest to other societies of the Church. Following the opening congregational song, prayer and address of welcome, by President

Lois H. West, there was presented a series of living pictures which portrayed the organization of the Relief Society, its six presidents and its activities.

Picture one represented the first meeting of the Relief Society, with the Prophet Joseph Smith making his announcement to the assembled members. At his side was Willard Richards, who acted as secretary pro tem. They faced the audience, and gathered around them were a number of sisters. All were dressed in old fashioned costumes. Then followed pictures of our six Relief Society Presidents, after which came tableaux of the Relief Society activities. "Visiting the Sick" showed a young woman on a sofa, very restless and ill at ease. Presently two Relief Society teachers entered, bringing flowers and books to cheer her up. "Feeding the Hungry" was represented by a poorly-clad little family seated around the table on which was an empty milk bottle and a few crusts. As the children cried for food the father offered a prayer for help, after which the Relief Society president entered, bringing a basket of food. "Clothing the Poor" showed a family in very bad circumstances, with children in poor clothing and without shoes. A Relief Society social service aid, representing the president, entered and brought clothing for all. "Comforting those who Mourn" was carried out by a young mother, dead on the bed. About her were her husband and children, crying, but comforted and cared for by the Relief Society teachers.

All the pictures were introduced by the announcer, Mrs. Maybelle T. Davis, who recited appropriate verses of her own composition. She was accompanied by Mrs. Hortense Gordon Steed on the piano, with suitable music very softly played.

Verses read by the announcer in introducing the pictures:

PICTURE ONE—ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY, MARCH 17, 1842.

In effecting this organization the Prophet Joseph Smith not only turned the key for the advancement of the women of the Latter-day Saints, but he also opened the portals of progress for all the women of the world.

O woman! thy tears and thy travail have triumphed.
Thy prayers have prevailed in His presence on high:
No more shall thy fetters of bondage confine thee.
Rejoice! for thine hour of deliverance is nigh.

PICTURE TWO—OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

Emma H. Smith, called an elect lady by Divinity,
The wife beloved of the prophet seer,
Commanded to exhort and to expound,
She must a bright and beacon light appear
Where'er progressive women may be found.

PICTURE THREE—OUR SECOND PRESIDENT, ELIZA R. SNOW

What words can quite express her excellence of womanhood!
Though childless, yet a mother heart for all the world had she;
In council wise, in leadership a mighty force she stood;
And yet we know and love her most for her sweet minstrelsy.

PICTURE FOUR—OUR THIRD PRESIDENT, ZINA D. H. YOUNG

An empire builder, she, of noble worth
Who made the wheels of industry go round.
She spun and wove the silk at her own hearth
And helped a glorious commonwealth to found.
Great in her faith and love and charity
She gave herself in their sweet ministry.

PICTURE FIVE—OUR FOURTH PRESIDENT, BATHSHEBA W. SMITH

She was a member of the charter band,
In spirit calm, serene, and wondrous mild,
With strength and dignity at her command,
And in her faith and duty undefiled.

PICTURE SIX—OUR FIFTH PRESIDENT, EMMELINE B. WELLS

She garnered in the wheat, lest famine might befall,
And when the war cry rang we harkened to its call.
Dear Aunt Em, how many of us yet can see
Her as she passed along in gentle reverie.
To her, rare gifts and graces nature kindly gave,
So quaintly sweet, and yet so strong and brave.

PICTURE SEVEN—OUR SIXTH AND PRESENT PRESIDENT, CLARISSA S. WILLIAMS

With wise intent and vision keen
She leads a mighty throng,
Her watchword "Better Service
Through our fifty thousand strong!
Health and work and recreation,
Greater faith through education;
Better chance to live, to grow,
Through these bounties we bestow."
Down through the years her name shall be
Called blessed for such ministry.

PICTURE EIGHT—FEEDING THE HUNGRY

Like angels of mercy the hungry they feed,
In generous portions they give of their fare,
And ofttimes they learn in that hour of grave need
That the gift which they gave was an answer to prayer.

PICTURE NINE—CLOTHING THE NEEDY

The cry of distress is the password
That opens their bountiful store;
Is it clothing for someone they need?
It is theirs e'er they pass from their door.

PICTURE TEN—VISITING THE SICK

With flower-laden hands, they go on their way
To visit the sick and the sore.
Words of good cheer and of comfort, they say,
As they journey from door to door.

PICTURE ELEVEN—COMFORTING THOSE WHO MOURN

Where the angel of death his grim harvest is taking,
They are there with their service and love to console,
They bind up the heart that is breaking,
And comfort the grief-stricken soul.

*Palmyra Stake (Flower Garden Project.)*

For part of the special activity work done by Palmyra stake during Summer, 1926, a flower project was sponsored by the Relief Society women of the communities. The object was: the beautification of every community in the stake: the slogan: "A flower garden at every home;" the goal: a garden at 65% of homes in stake. The following methods were used: the projects were outlined and material prepared by specialists, and the work was done under the direction of two stake project leaders and two project leaders in each ward. The services of Miss Ruby Smith, Home Demonstration Agent, were procured and much praise is due the very splendid help and cooperation received from her. During the season, survey questionnaires were sent out to ward leaders, surveys were also made by stake leaders and home agents, as a means of checking up on gardens. The response from the communities was indeed commendable. Homes where flowers had never been grown before blossomed, as it were, "like a rose." Homes in rural districts, where the woman had even to carry the water, were a delight to see. On August 19 a very successful flower show was held in Spanish Fork City Pavilion. The big auditorium was a mass of beautiful flowers, artistically arranged by wards, each of which conducted their own displays, and also vied one with another in point of beauty. Cash prizes were given by stake board along lines befitting such an enterprise. To defray expenses incident to this undertaking the stake board members furnished and sold refreshments. It is felt by the stake and ward workers that this is only the beginning of a very bright and delightful future, when hearts will be made glad by the beau-

tifying of the homes, where the most precious of all flowers are reared—the children.

*Woodruff Stake.*

Soon after the organization of the new Lyman stake, the stake presidency and one board member of the Woodruff stake, from which the new stake was taken, motored to Lyman and met with the new Lyman stake Relief Society Board in a very enjoyable meeting. They transferred to the Lyman stake Relief Society all stake dues paid in 1926, from the wards now comprising the Lyman stake, and discussed with them a number of subjects relating to Relief Society work. Later the stake secretary of Woodruff met with the new stake secretary to go over the annual report with her and give her such information regarding it as will be helpful to her.

*Southen States Mission.*

The interior of the Greenville chapel at Greenville, South Carolina, presented a beautiful appearance at the conference held September 4 and 5. This was due to the labors of the members of the Relief Society in that branch. A new rug was placed on the stand, rubber runners on the aisles and new shades on the windows. The cost of these improvements amounted to $200. The Relief Society donated $170 of this amount and the Mutual Improvement Association donated $30. The walls of the chapel were calcimined and the building thoroughly renovated for the conference. The floral decorations were beautiful, the stand and pulpit being adorned with lovely flowers. Mrs. Gillard, a non-member, loaned four handsome potted ferns for the occasion. The Relief Society sisters, aided by the young ladies of the Mutual Improvement Association, assisted in the preparation and serving of meals between the meetings on Saturday and Sunday. At one of the luncheons it was estimated that upwards of two hundred people were served. The members of the Church donated sufficient money to provide the food. The repast consisted of chicken sandwiches, ham, chicken, cakes, pies, bananas, etc. Mrs. Goggins, a non-member, donated five gallons of ice cream, which was served at one of the luncheons.

Mrs. Malilda Crosby is the president of the Greenville Relief Society, Mrs. Armentha Ginn, first counselor, Mrs. Sarah Staton, second counselor, and Mrs. Annie Grieg, secretary-treasurer.

At the close of the Sunday afternoon meeting, Mrs. Grace E. Callis, president of the Relief Societies in the Southern States mission, held a meeting with the sisters of the Relief Society. Representatives of the Greenville, Columbia, Hartsville, Seneca,

Catawba, and other branches were present. They had an excellent report to make of their work.

*California Mission.*

The San Francisco Relief Society has made a most enviable record in the matter of securing subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine*. There are thirty-eight members in the organization, and they have sent in fifty-eight subscriptions. The subscribers consist of 38 members, 12 L. D. S. women, non-members of the organization, and 8 non-members of the Church.

*European Mission.*

Halifax Branch, Leeds conference. Following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Lucy D. Walker, president of the Halifax Relief Society. "We enjoy the *Relief Society Magazine* more than you can know. We take the literary lessons as they are published, and are delighted with them. We also read other articles from its pages, in fact we have each month a "*Magazine* night." Perhaps you will be pleased to know that we have a very fine little Relief Society in Halifax, and that we are all interested in our studies and our work in general. Since the beginning of 1926, we have given 91 gifts, some small and some larger, to the sick and needy of our own branch, and to worthy outside friends. We have 13 enrolled members and have an average attendance, with visitors, for the year so far, of 14. We are all happy in our work and enjoy our meetings, and are delighted to be numbered in so grand an organization as the Relief Society of our Church. All the members send love and greetings to the officers and members of the General Board, and appreciate your labors in our behalf."

*Edinburgh Branch, Scottish Conference.*

In the Edinburgh branch recently, the members made the Relief Society meeting the occasion to bid farewell to Mrs. Elizabeth Crowford, who, with her husband and son were leaving for Zion. On behalf of the members and friends Mrs. Crowford was presented with a dressing case, and a wallet was given to her husband. In making the presentation Mrs. Hughina Falconer spoke of the goodwill and esteem they all held for Mrs. Crowford's labor and faithfulness in the work of the branch, also their sorrow to part with her, while rejoicing that she has obtained her heart's desire in being privileged to gather to Zion. In reply Mrs. Crowford told of her joy in the work of the Lord, and urged those present to support Mrs. Janet Ferguson, the president. A delightful program was carried out by those present. The meetings in Edinburgh continue to grow, and are most enjoyable. The of-

ficers are: Mrs. Janet Ferguson, president; Mrs. Hughina Falconer and Mrs. Anna Percy, counselors; Mrs. Jean Waldis, secretary-treasurer.

*Teton Stake.*

The Teton stake arranged with the Health Committee of Boise, for a health conference which was held last August 13, 14 and 16, 140 children being examined. The stake is now asking the state department for a six-day conference for 1927. The health conference has stimulated interest in the social service lessons. The stake is also cooperating with the extension division of Idaho University in holding nutrition classes through the stake, and in getting in touch with the mothers and encouraging them in the follow-up work. A stake teachers' convention was held on October 31, at which suitable topics were given. The stake presidency and bishops were special guests on the occasion.

*Idaho Falls Stake Reorganized.*

On October 14, the Idaho Falls stake Relief Society was reorganized. Mrs. Mayme Laird, who has faithfully and efficiently labored as stake president for a number of years, was honorably released with a unanimous vote of confidence and appreciation. Mrs. Laird has been considered one of the strongest of the stake presidents of the Church, and during her administration much has been accomplished in this stake. While she has been especially interested in health and charity work, she has not neglected the educational work for members. Mrs. Laird was elected to the School Board of Idaho Falls in the early Fall, and felt that the two positions would be too taxing on her strength. The following new officers were sustained: Mrs. Clara Brunt, president; Mrs. Mattie R. Telford, first counselor; Mrs. Emma Jensen, second counselor; Mrs. Hazel H. Caine, secretary; Mrs. Grace Ritchie, treasurer; Mrs. Mary L. Hatch, member of the Board.

## REFERRENCES FOR ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMS

"First Minutes of Relief Society," January *Magazine,* 1915, page 20; "Instructions of the Prophet Given at Nauvoo," March *Magazine,* 1915, page 91; "Object, Aims and Brief History of Relief Society," March *Magazine,* 1915, page 111; "Sketches of the First Five General Presidents," March *Magazine,* 1920, page 127; "Sketches of President Clarissa S. Williams," July *Magazine,* 1921, page 378; "Story of the Organization," March *Magazine,* 1919, page 127; "Our Anniversary," March *Magazine,* 1921, page 137; "Relief Society Teaching," December *Magazine,* 1916, page 668; "Relief Society Annual Day," Feb. *Magazine,* 1923, page 62; "National Woman's Relief Society—History and Accomplishments," March *Magazine,* 1925, page 115.

# Guide Lessons for April

## LESSON I

## Theology and Testimony

(First Week in April)

### THE WOMEN OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION (Continued)

*Elizabeth and Martha and Mary of Bethany*

*Elizabeth*:

Measured by the magnitude of her mission, this woman stands next to the mother of Jesus in the line of greatness. She was a descendant of Aaron and a kinswoman of Mary; thus having within her veins the blood of royal and priestly descent. Her name Elizabeth, meaning worshiper of God, fitted her nature.

She became the wife of a descendant of Aaron, a devout man and they lived to a good old age childless.

Her husband was a Judean priest. The day on which he kept the incense burning on the altar in the inner court of the temple and supplicated the Lord for posterity was a most eventful one for Elizabeth.

She was officially announced, by an angel from on high, as an elect woman, who said to Zacharias, the priest, thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. The loftiness of her election can be understood in the light of the words of the Savior, recorded in Luke 7:28.

The declaration made her by the Lord is to the effect that Elizabeth was the mother of one of the greatest prophets ever born. In explanation of the declaration of Jesus concerning the greatness of John the Baptist, the prophet Joseph Smith is recorded as saying: "It could not have been on account of the miracles John performed, for he did no miracles; but it was, first, because he was trusted with a divine mission of preparing the way before the face of the Lord. Who was trusted with such a mission before or since? No man. Second, he was trusted, and it was required at his hand, to baptize the Son of Man. Whoever did that? Whoever had so great a privilege or glory? Whoever led the Son of God into the waters of baptism, beholding the Holy Ghost descend upon him in the sign of a dove? No man." (Gems of Joseph Smith, *Compendium*, p. 277.)

At Elizabeth's home, in the Judean hills, she enjoyed the confidential companionship of Mary. The sublime nature of this companionship may be understood in part by thinking of how

Mary immediately after the annunciation of Gabriel to her hastened from Nazareth to the home of her cousin Elizabeth; of the manner of her salutation to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth's response and of how the visit of Elizabeth extended into months. (Luke 1: 5-55.)

Both before and at the time of the birth of her child of promise Eliabeth was blessed with the presence of the Holy Ghost. She was the first mortal to declare orally that the Baptist's name should be John, although she had doubtless learned this from her husband who must have written a great deal to her during his period of enforced silence.

At the event of the enunciation and naming of John, Elizabeth drops out of sight. What is known of her later must be taken from inference. That she performed the duties of noble motherhood seems clear in the light of the scripture, "And the child grew and waxed strong in the spirit." (Luke 1:80.)

Elizabeth was the fifth woman of Biblical record who after a long period of barrenness bore a child in fulfilment of divine promise. Those who preceded her were: Rebecca, mother of Isaac (Gen. 17:16, 17), the mother of Samson (Judges 13), Hannah, the mother of Samuel (I Sam. 1). The Shumanite mother (II Kings 4). What the grief of barrenness was to a wife is depicted in the story of Hannah's childless life, and what the joy of expectancy was is summed up in the rapturous expressions of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was never barren in spirit; she was always fruitful in desire. Such women may be reproached by society, but God honors them. The choosing of the aged, childless Elizabeth to become the mother of the forerunner of Christ, and declaring her son to be second to no prophet ever born, leave no room for the belief that physical barrenness is a mark of disfavor in the eyes of the Lord.

### Questions and Problems

1. Mention two occasions on which Elizabeth was blessed with the presence of the Holy Ghost. (Luke 1:15-41.)
2. Wherein was the divine instruction concerning the child of promise that should be born to Elizabeth different from the divine instruction concerning Samson the child of promise? (Judges 13:3-4; Luke 1:5.)
3. Discuss the statement: "Looking on barrenness with reproach makes for good in the world."
4. What was the source of the utterance of Elizabeth recorded in Luke 1:43?
5. Wherein is the life of Elizabeth of most value to the women of today?

## LESSON II

# Work and Business

### (Second Week in April)

### TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR APRIL—CIVIC PRIDE

*Planting and Gardening*

I. Clean up work to be continued. (Cooperate with children in this work.)

II. Prepare soil and plant flowers and vegetables.

*Shrubs*: All shrubs, including roses and trees, should be planted as soon as the soil can be worked. Pruning should be done not later than April.

*Bulbs*: Bulbs may be planted in May. Cannas if put in pots, in warm dark place and removed later to cooler and light place after leaves appear, may be placed in garden late in May for early bloom.

Flowers: Sweet peas and all perennials may be planted as early as the ground can be worked. The following annuals may be planted in gardens in late April: Ageratum, Alyssum, Snapdragon, African Daisy, Aster (earlier blossoms if planted indoors), Cosmos, Clarkias, Dianthus, Bachelors Button, Carnations, Hollyhocks, California Poppy, Angel's Breath, Larkspur (annual Delphinium), Stocks, Lavateria, Marigold, Morning Glory, Nicotiana, Nasturtiums, Ricinus, Verbena, Zinnia, Wallflower, Pansies, Phlox, Pyrethrum, Petunias, Poppies. For early bloom the following might be planted in hot beds and later removed to garden: Snapdragons, Stocks, Asters, Begonias, Carnations, Cosmos, Dahlias, Phlox, Salvia, Verbena.

*Vegetables*: *April 1-15* (in the open ground): Asparagus, Asparagus Roots, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Carrot, Celery, Chicory, Corn Salad, Cress, Endive, Kale, Leek, Lettuce, Mustard, Onion Sets, Early Peas, Chinese Cabbage, Rhubarb Roots, Radish, Salsify, Sorrell, Spinach, Swiss Chard, Turnip. *April 15-30*: Asparagus, Snap Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cress, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Leek, Lettuce, Muskmelon, Mustard, Onion, Parsley, Parsnip, Peas, Potatoes, Radish Salsify, Sorrell, Squash, Swiss Chard, Tomatoes. *May 1-15*: Asparagus, Bush Bean, Pole Bean, Lima Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Chicory, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Leek, Lettuce, Muskmelon, Watermelon, Onion, Parsley, Parsnip, Peas, Potatoes, Pumpkin, Summer Radish, Salsify, Squash, Swiss Chard, Tomato. *May 15-30*: Bush Bean, Pole Bean, Lima Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Whitloof-Chicory, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Muskmelon, Parsley, Potatoes, Pumpkin, Squash, Summer Radish, Swiss Chard. *June 1-15*: Lima Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Parsley, Potatoes, Summer Radish. *June 15-30*: Beet, Carrot, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cress, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Potatoes, Summer Radish, Winter Radish, Rutabaga, Turnip. *July 1-15*: Bush Bean, Beet, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Lettuce, Mustard, Summer Radish, Rutabaga, Turnip. *July 15-30*: Bush Bean, Chinese Cabbage, Kale, Mustard, Summer Radish, Spinach, Turnip. *August 1-15*: Chinese Cabbage, Kale, Mustard, Summer Radish, Spinach, Turnip. *August 15-30*: Radish, Spinach. *September and October*: Asparagus Roots, Rhubarb Roots, Onion Sets, Corn Salad, Spinach.

*Note*: The dates supplied above are those applying to the Mountain States or places of similar climatic conditions, where the outside growing season for hardy varieties begins in average years in March and continues until November.

## LESSON III

## Literature

(Third Week in April)

*Paul Laurence Dunbar*

February always brings to mind the name of the great emancipator of the colored man. For that reason we have selected the outstanding poet of the colored people for the February issue of the *Magazine*. Abraham Lincoln and Paul Laurence Dunbar have each, in turn, served the colored men in an extraordinary way. The first struck from him the shackles of slavery, and the second revealed to him, through his inimitable art, negro personality as it is distinguished from other types. Everybody knows that the negro is superstitious—that a part, at least, of his religion is made up of superstition. Everybody who has watched these people at their play, heard them laugh and talk, knows that they are not without wit. As a consequence it is pleasing to discover these qualities in the writings of any poet who really seeks to represent them.

Paul Laurence Dunbar was born in 1872, at Dayton, Ohio. His father and mother were negro slaves, consequently he was indebted to Lincoln for the fact that he was born in freedom rather than slavery.

He ran an elevator for a number of years while a boy—indeed it was while he was serving in this capacity that he wrote his first poems. He tried newspaper work, but it was not in line with his special talent. The government turned in kindness towards him, as it had often done in the past, in its desire to assist men of literary genius. They could not give Dunbar a post in the Custom House, as Edwin Arlington Robinson had been given, or Nathaniel Hawthorne, many years before, but they did give him a position in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

He has given us three forms of composition—two in prose and one in poetry. He has written several volumes of short stories, and two novels, but it is in lyric poetry that he excels, particularly those of negro dialect. In this line he has no competition. He has done for the negro what Rudyard Kipling has done for the soldiers in barracks in India, and well known types of British in his own country; in other words, it is the use he makes of local color that marks him as a man of genius as much as any other quality he possesses.

One thing surprising about Dunbar is the fact that he is of negro descent without any mixture. William Dean Howells is responsible for the statement that as far as he could remember "Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically."

His works consist of a collection of *Lyrics of Lowly Life,* published in 1896; *Lyrics of the Hearthside,* published in 1899; *Lyrics of Love and Laughter,* published in 1903; *Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow,* published in 1905. The last named volume, while it contains outstanding poems, is not as original as the others. A number of "gift-book editions" have been published.

No greater compliment can be paid the poet's sense of rhythm, than to record the fact that he has made very general appeal to composers, for an unusual number have set his verse to music.

He died in the city of Dayton, February 10, 1916, at the age of 44. It is a source of satisfaction to realize that he had done so much good work, even though his life was snapped in its prime.

As an example of his dialect poems we quote "The Turning of the Babies in the Bed," which has a humorous and human touch that will appeal to mothers universally:

### The Turning of the Babies in the Bed

Woman's sho' a cur'ous critter,
An' day ain't no doubtin' dat.
She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om
Huh slippahs to huh hat.

Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an'
You fails, des' up an' say:
"D' ain't a bit o' use to try to
Un'erstan' a woman's way."

I don't mean to be complainin', but
I's jes' a-settin' down
Some o' my own obserwations,
W'en I cas' my eye eroun'.

If you ax me fu' to prove it, I
Ken do it mighty fine,
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample
Den dis ve'y wife o' mine.

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en
I's sleepin' good an' soun',
I kin hyeah a so't o' rustlin' an'
Somebody movin' 'roun'.

An' I say, "Lize, whut you doin'?"
But she frown an' shek huh haid.
"Heish yo' mouf, I's only tu'nin'
Of de chillun in de bed.

"Don' you know a child gits restless,
Layin' all de night one way?
An' you' got to kind o' 'range him
Sev'al times befo' de day?

"So de little necks won't worry, an'
De little backs won't break;
Don' you t'ink case chillun's chilun day
Hain't got no pain an' ache."

So she shakes 'em, an' she twists 'em,
An' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout,
'Twell I don' see how de chillun
Evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.

Den she lif's 'em up head down'ards
So's dey won't git livah-grown,
But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful
Ez a liza'd on a stone.

W'en hit's mos' nigh time fu'
Wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,
Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel
Lay his trumpet down an' say,

"Who dat walkin' 'roun' so easy,
Down on earf ermong de dead?"
'T will be Lizy up a-tu'nin'
Of de chillun in de bed.

"A Coquette Conquered" is another example of his dialect poetry.

A Coquette Conquered

Yes, my ha't 's ha'd ez stone—
Go 'way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No; I ain't gwine change my min'—
Ain't gwine ma'y you—Nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?
Go ma'y Phiny; whut I keer?
Oh, you needn't mou'n an' cry—
I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present! Whut you got?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot!
Huh! yo' sass do sholy beat—
Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

Whut's dat un'neaf yo' coat?
Looks des lak a little shoat
'T ain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
Come back, Sam; now whah's you gwine?
Co'se you knows dat possum's mine!

His poems, like his stories, have been very popular. There are few American students who will not recall "Angelina." We quote the first stanza of this poem:

When de fiddle gits to singin' out
a ol' Vahginny reel,
As' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in
yo' toe an' in yo' heel;
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an'
you wants to keep it, too
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git
yo'self clean out o' view.
Case de time is mighty temptin'
when de chune is in de swing,
Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man,
to cut de pigeon-wing.
An' you couldn't he'p f'om dancin'
ef yo' feet was boun' wif twine
When Angelina Johnson comes a—
a-swingin' down de line.

His "Miss Lucy" poems have been very popular. The one entitled "Discovered" is particularly keen.

DISCOVERED

Seen you down at ch'ch las' night,
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
What I mean? oh, dat's all right,
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
You was sma't ez sma't could be,
But you couldn't hide f'om me.
Ain't I got two eyes to see!
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you's awful keen;
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
Evahthing you done, I seen;
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
Seen him tek yo' ahm jes' so,
When he got outside de do'
Oh, I know dat man's yo' beau!
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha'd he say?—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy!
Keep yo' secrets—dat's yo' way—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
Won't tell me an' I'm yo' pal—
I'm gwine tell his othah gal,—
Know huh, too, huh name is Sal;
Nevah min', Miss Lucy!

His poems of advice are interesting. We include under this heading "A Golden Day," and "The Unlucky Apple."

A Golden Day

I found you and I lost you,
All on a gleaming day.
The day was filled with sunshin,e
And the land was full of May.

A golden bird was singing
Its melody divine,
I found you and I loved you,
And all the world was mine.

I found you and I lost you,
All on a golden day,
But when I dream of you, dear,
It is always brimming May.

The Unlucky Apple

'Twas the apple that in Eden
Caused our father's primal fall;
And the Trojan War, remember—
'Twas an apple caused it all.
So for weeks I've hesitated,
You can guess the reason why,
For I want to tell my darling
She's the apple of my eye.

We include "A Flordia Night," as an example of his nature poems.

### A Florida Night

Win' a-blowin' gentle so de san' lay low,
San' a little heavy f'om de rain,
All de pa'ms a-wavin' an' a-weavin' slow,
Sighin' lak a sinnah-soul in pain.

Alligator grinnin' by de ol' lagoon,
Mockin'-bird a-singin' to de big full moon,
'Skeeter go a'skimmin' to his fightin' chune
(Lizy Ann's a-waitin' in de lane!)

Moccasin a-sleepin' in de cyprus swamp;
Needn't wake de gent'man, not fu' me.
Mule, you needn't wake him w'en you switch an' stomp,
Fightin' off a 'skeeter er a flea.

Florida is lovely, she's de fines' lan'
Evah seed de sunlight f'om de Mastah's han',
'Ceptin' fu' de varmints an' huh Fleas an' san'
An' de nights w'en Lizy Ann ain' free.

Moon's a-kinder shaddered on de melon patch;
No one ain't a-watchin' ez I go.
Climbin' of de fence so's not to click de latch
Meks my gittin' in a little slow.

Watermelon smilin' as it say, "I's free;"
Alligator boomin', but I let him be,
Florida, oh, Florida's de lan' fu' me—
(Lizy Ann a-singin' sweet an' low.)

### Questions and Problems

1. Tell a story that goes to prove that the negro is superstitious.

2. Relate some incident or tell a story that reveals the negro's sense of humor.

3. Tell something about a negro camp meeting, or in some other way try to describe the negro's style of worship.

4. If it is convenient read what you think to be the most significant parts of the Emancipation Proclamation.

5. Name some other persons of the colored race beside Paul Laurence Dunbar that you think have achieved something worth while.

## LESSON IV

## Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD—JANE AND HENRIETTA

Serious and difficult emotional problems are presented by the two adolescent girls, Jane and Henrietta. Both were the victims of unintelligent parents. The basis of these problems is not uncommon in adolescent development because of lack of understanding by their parents; one girl was on the verge of a mental breakdown, and the other was contemplating suicide. Both suffered these serious emotional upsets because of the lack of sex education and guidance.

It will be remembered from the introductory discussion of emotional problems that the individual has three dominant instincts or urges—the ego, or self; the herd, or social; and the sex or love instinct. The three instincts all seek expression, and if thwarted or frustrated cause emotional disturbances. The individual expresses his ego urge by accomplishing certain ends and experiencing the joy and satisfaction of expression. He satisfies his social urge by gaining the confidence and approval of his family, playmates, and friends. In the studies of the emotional problems of childhood, it has been pointed out that the failure to gain normal expression or the failure to gain approval seriously affects the development of the child. His defeats, and unhappiness, and sense of failure deeply affect his emotional life, limiting his development, and making his conduct abnormal.

In our home and school life the tendency has been to ignore inquiry into the other important instinct, sex. The subject has been a taboo. Because sex has been recognized as a compelling life force, but its aspects have not been generally understood, the whole subject has taken on an atmosphere of morbid secrecy.

Sex education is the responsibility of the home. The first questions of the origin and development of life are asked in the home. The relation between parents, the relation between parents and their children, the attitude of brothers and sisters toward one another, and toward their friends, are all phases of sex relationships, and depend on wholesome home guidance to lead the child to normal, healthful attitudes.

The method of sex education will not be the subject of this discussion, for the subject itself deserves special attention and study. The purpose of studying the problems of Jane and Henrietta is to observe the real dangers and pitfalls that endanger adolescents if, through lack of home guidance, they have wrong information concerning sex, and unwholesome attitudes because of their misconceptions.

Jane at nineteen was at the beginning of a mental breakdown.

She was suffering from what is known as an anxiety neurosis. This condition was the result of a secret worry that she had tried to crowd out of her conscious life. In spite of her effort to forget her worry, the unconscious mind kept harboring and remembering until she came near a breakdown All her anxiety, and nervousness, and weeping, and unhappinss, were the result of wrong sex information given her by her mother. She had at twelve, and again at sixteen met an experience not at all uncommon in childhood. Her mother had observed that she masturbated—practiced self-abuse—and had used the unintelligent method of correcting her by telling the child that she would go crazy if she did not stop the practice.

The mother filled the child's life with fear, shame and inferiority. The girl felt herself unclean and unfit for friendships and love. The shame and self-reproach continued, for at no time was she given frank, sound, sex information.

Her other home guidance was also harmful. Her mother was most rigid and severe in her regulations concerning her friends and social life, and this close supervision intensified her feeling of weakness and impending dangers.

When she was given a frank explanation of the function of sex by the physician she consulted, her danger was past. Her doubts and fears disappeared as soon as the atmosphere of secrecy and accompanying feeling of shame were removed.

Our author states that this practice occurs frequently among children, and should call for attention but not anxiety. The hazard is not the effect on the mind or body, but the fears and anxieties aroused by the method of correction. Parents should not express horror or instil fears to meet this behavior difficulty. Sympathetic understanding, patient teaching, and frankness by the parents will lead the child more readily to overcome the practice, and will not undermine his confidence and self-esteem.

Henrietta at sixteen found life dull, and contemplated self-destruction. Her thinking then led her to consider finding pleasure and securing pretty clothes by pursuing a course already adopted by her sister. Her poverty, her lack of normal childhood amusement, made the course of abandoning her moral principles seem exciting and attractive.

It is not fair to pass judgment on Henrietta and girls in her position, for the attitude they develop. Youth is a time for amusements and gaieties, and if no wholesome recreation is afforded young persons, it is quite natural for them to seek it in thoughtless and unwise channels.

The developing sex impulse in adolescents needs to be better understood by parents. In homes where boys and girls meet frequently to play and dance and enjoy youth together, there is no great occasion for alarm. Where this harmless, natural association is denied, either by lack of a pleasant home or by too rigid puri-

tanical standards, the frustrated impulse may lead to real difficulties.

Henrietta's difficulties were both the lack of frank instruction, and the lack of constructive direction. The importance of children gaining their information regarding matters of health, of the life processes, and the ideal of parenthood in a sane, natural way, cannot be over-emphasized. In homes where questions are evaded and the subject of sex physiology and development is left a mystery, the child's curiosity is not only stimulated but he develops a morbid attitude toward the whole subject. He then gains his information from sources such as his gang, and lurid magazines, and his entire conception of the part of sex in life becomes distorted. It becomes an unspeakable subject, one from which he gains an unwholesome pleasure in discussing and contemplating its unsavory aspects. The very mystery that his parents place upon the subject makes his attitude abnormal, morbid and unwholesome.

The child who receives frank answers to his early questions, and who has his own development explained to him in terms of ideals of parenthood is protected from this unpleasant and harmful speculation. Fore-armed with sound, accurate information from the parents whose sincerity he does not doubt, he will be able to dismiss the misinformation that he will later hear from his crowd or gang. He will also be spared the emotional upset when he finally realizes that his parents have deliberately given him false information.

Henrietta had further difficulty besides the lack of instruction. Her home had given her no opportunity for the outlet of her emotional interests. The release of this emotional energy is important to give the individual normal stable personality. The inherent craving of individuals for emotional satisfaction is termed the *libido*. If the libido finds expression for its great store of energy in harmless channels, the individual maintains a normal attitude towards life, and normal interests in the affars of everyday living. If the libido finds no opportunity for release, that is, finds no emotional satisfaction in the daily associations, and in the regular scheme of living, the libido will find an outlet in some other channel, which may have undesirable effects on the person.

In terms of Henrietta her libido found no wholesome outlet. Her natural craving for emotional satisfaction was frustrated. Her parents did not realize how important these satisfactions are, until the effect of her barren emotional life was explained to them.

The libido can find expression and satisfaction in many channels. Affection and appreciation in the home are sources of emotional release. Games, parties, outdoor sports, recreation, new clothes, success in work, are all easily recognized as sources of emotional satisfaction, and releases of emotional energy.

Henrietta responded to the treatment prescribed, and her near-

sighted plans of securing clothes and pleasures by sacrificing her standards was forgotten. She was not scolded, nor lectured, nor criticized. No attempt was made to change her attitude by discussing her responsibilities and duties. Her thwarted emotional life made an intellectual appeal futile.

The treatment outlined was agreeable work away from home, where she found pleasure in her work and in being with children. Her earnings made it possible for her to gain other small pleasures in the way of recreation. Her days that had been spent in pent up brooding were now changed to active happy ones.

It is apparent that wholesome activity, recreation and pleasant associations are normal releases of the emotional life. Associations should be varied. There is some danger of too strong attachment between parents and children or two children. A mother, especially a widowed one, might devote herself too entirely to her only son or daughter. Two friends of the opposite sex at too early an age may make emotional ties that are upsetting when the necessity rises for separation. Two friends of the same sex may also become too dependent on each other for their later happiness.

There are types of individuals who do not mingle with groups readily or frequently. Such social expression as possible should be encouraged in these persons, but it must be remembered that the emotional energy can find expression in channels other than amusement. Creative work of any kind has been identified with emotional life. Any expression, whether through poetry, painting, music or other creative work, gives the person a real emotional satisfaction. This expression through creative effort, known as *sublimation* is the sex impulse released through other channels.

The program of sex education is based on frank information given by parents to children, and also on the direction of the emotional energy into channels of work, recreation, activity, and of its sublimation to satisfying, useful forms of expression.

References—*Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S Wile, pages 215-227.

## Questions and Problems

1. Why is frank sex information to children important?
2. Why should this information be given in the home?
3. What is meant by the *libido?*
4. How can the libido find expression in normal channels?
5. What are normal emotional satisfactions for adolescents?
6. What are the dangers of lack of emotional expression?
7. What treatment was outlined for Henrietta?
8. What is meant by sublimation?

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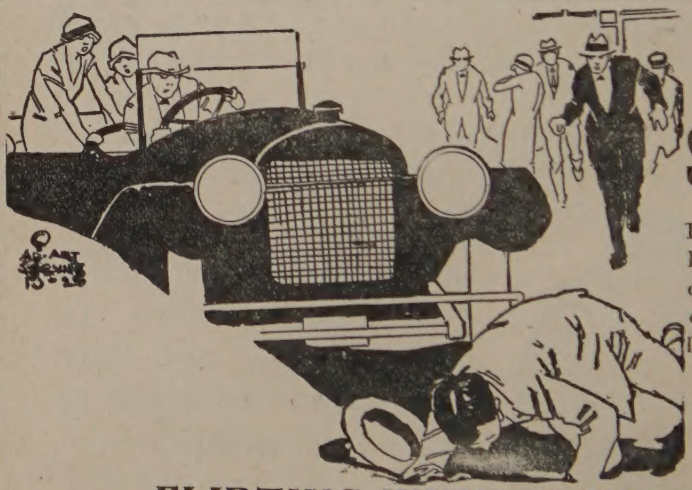

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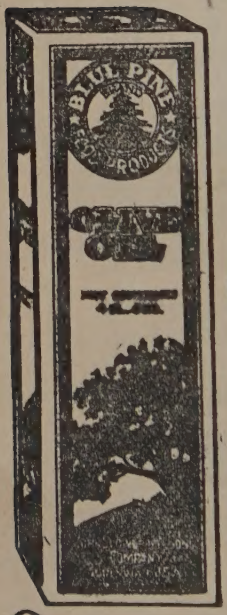


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